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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1873.

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5d. Stamped.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—"PUSS IN BOOTS."—THIS DAY.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The GRAND CHRISTMAS ANNUAL, written by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, entitled, "PUSS IN BOOTS; or, Dame Trot and her Comical Cat, and the Great Ogre, Fee Fo Fum," will be performed for the seventh time THIS DAY, Dec. 27, commencing at 3 p.m. A portion of the opening has been written expressly for Mr. George Conquest and his son. The magnificent scenery (with the exception of the transformation) by Mr. F. Fenton and assistants. The gorgeous Transformation Scene, A Child's Vision of Fairyland, by Mr. Charles Brown. Ballet by Madame Collera: Music by Mr. Oscar Barrett; Harlequinade by Rowell. Stage-manager, Mr. T. H. Friend. The whole produced under the Company's own management. This day admission, One Shilling, or by Guinea Season Ticket; reserved stalls, Half-a-crown,

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[Dec. 27, 1873.]

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FERDINAND HILLER'S "NAL UND DAMAJANTI."

(From the "Kölische Zeitung.")

Nal und Damajanti! On hearing these names, as soft as the dreams of a lotus flower, even anyone who does not know them, either from the Mahabharata itself, or from Rückert, must think of some ideal couple or other of lovers, of two royal children who loved each other too tenderly, for "das Wasser war gar zu tief," of the yearnings, trials, and triumph of love—the background being a warm Indian landscape with its lofty palm trees, its sacred streams, and its pagodas. In every musical heart, a gentle tremor will sweep over the chords of the Aeolian harp which is hung up in some mysterious spot within it. Fancy and feeling are touched in a peculiarly sympathetic manner by these figures and the richly coloured land which they inhabit, and genial composers have already known how to gather from the pulsations of the airy instrument within their own breasts definite tones and tone-colouring, and to cast in fixed plastic form what they had inwardly heard. It is true that, in his *Jessonda*, Spohr transferred to India a German sky and azure German romanticism. But Meyerbeer's *Africaine* wears at least Indian rouge and a national colouring, while, from Schumann's *Paradies und die Peri*, there comes wafted toward us a fine spiritual aroma, as it were, of the perfume belonging to some exotic poetry of tone. India, however, is a country calculated for us Germans to visit only occasionally. If any of us remain there long, even if he settles there only in a poetical or musical sense, he will soon find the atmosphere sultry, and the sky and inhabitants monotonous.

But it is only a legend, and a very old one, moreover, which Hiller, in his "dramatic cantata" under the above title, has taken as a thread to guide us in our wanderings through this land of wonders. A highly accomplished lady, Madame Sophie Hasenclever, has turned the story into ringing verse for our composer. We have already stated its purport. It forms only that portion of the original narrative which comprises Nal's wooing of his bride. The intrigue and its solution, wherein lies the moral purport of the narrative, are here preceded by the nuptials of the young couple, and based upon the idea of the victorious power exercised by true love over the temptations of vain egotism. The notion is good, but the form in which it is presented does some violence to our convictions; and one important detail, drastic, we grant, but eternally true, distinguishing the original, is omitted, without its place being filled up by something else in keeping with modern feeling. Thus it sounds like an involuntary piece of self criticism, when Damajanti, distressed by her heavenly suitors, who are all as like the beloved Nal as one dew-drop to another, exclaims:

"Nicht wollen kann ich, o der Qual!
Hier herschet nur des Zufalls Walten!"

Then, again, the text, like a great many other things written by a female hand, is deficient in the specifically manly element of *action*. The stream of talk flows, broad and smooth, in sweet contemplation, and if a dramatic emotion is attempted, it just gently ruffles the surface, but does not penetrate to the depths below.

We should not refer so unfavourably to the really good and well-sounding verses, had we not to speak of the musical composition, of which they constitute the foundation or skeleton. The composition is styled a "cantata" with the addition, however, of the adjective "dramatic," an allusion, of course, to the outward form, which reminds us of opera. We have characters speaking and acting with definite scenic surroundings, recitative, musical soliloquies and dialogues, choruses, and purely instrumental movements. The whole series of events, poetically and musically illustrated, is divided into six scenes. First, Damajanti in her father's gardens, with her playmates, to whom she tells her woe; then a solemn procession of Bima, her father, the king, with his retinue. The princes of the land are called upon to choose a wife, and the People pray with the King in the temple for a happy result. In the third scene, we hear the tramp of the steed which brings Nal near his Beloved and into the sacred wood, where mysterious voices extort from him the eventful oath, and appoint him to be the bearer of another's offer to the lady of his own heart; we then listen to the painfully agitated dialogue between the two lovers in Damajanti's chamber; in the following

we hear the outburst of Bima's paternal emotions; and, in the last, witness the catastrophe: the heavenly suitors yield to the determined will of Damajanti, and the vociferous jubilation of the People greets the young couple. There are six tone-movements, separated from each other, but closely knit each within itself, sometimes planned with greater length than breadth, and each one comprising within a spacious frame a rich assemblage of various groups. The music proceeds rapidly with the text, in conformity with the characteristic feature of the age, which insists on its ravenous appetite being satisfied both materially and formally. Wide scope is allowed the recitative and the arioso, but from these freer configurations the more solid forms of the air, the song, and the choral movement, thematically and contrapuntally carried out, stand forth definitely and plastically.

We have now to examine the work by the standard of musical value. The instrumental portion may be called almost fabulously gorgeous, the colouring glowing, and rich in tints and varying shades. Indeed, we think there is, here and there, too much glitter, and that trumpets and trombones should have been somewhat more sparingly used. Without exactly producing any profound sentimental impression, the motives are frequent and original; they cling to the ear and the memory, even when not rising to any great pathetic height, but standing like wild flowers under palm trees. There is an extraordinary abundance of themes, clever turns, and new cadences, but, side by side with much that moves us sympathetically, we come across a great deal that is bizarre and inconsequent, and we must leave it an open question whether, in a work which demands nearly two hours of uninterrupted attention, a greater closeness and concentration of strength was not required. Perhaps the Muses, were they inclined to make the Composer a symbolical present, would give him a triple one, comprising a crown, a pair of scales for weighing gold, and a pair of scissors. The employment of the last is a point on which these Gentlemen by the Grace of God allow even the critic an opinion of his own. The Composer has succeeded most admirably in characterising Damajanti; King Bima is a musical father and sovereign, like many others before him, worthy and well-intentioned, but not a new creation; Nal is a somewhat passive lover and operatic tenor; but the heroine is a really original figure, consistently imagined and carried out, a genuine fairy-tale princess, such as we can fancy in a golden robe, with a long train, dreamy, gentle, in love, and completely taken up by one feeling—the yearning to be united to him she so dearly cherishes. Shall we now conduct the reader through this virgin forest of musical beauties, pleasing groups and hazy vistas—broken here and there by underwood—such as it is present to our mind from having heard the performance and turned over the leaves of the bulky score? Our space will not allow us to do so, and we can only refer, in a cursory manner, to many things: to the charming idyll of the first scene, with the prelude impregnated with the sweet breath of tropical nature, the charming two-part chorus for female voices, and the strains sung by Damajanti—exotic melodies all hung with pearls and brilliants—to the fresh People's chorus in the second scene, with the extraordinarily effective canonic interpolations; to the prayer, with its wonderful envelope of local colouring, addressed to the native gods, the contrasts being supplied by accompanying unisons and four-part passages *a capella*, in our opinion the most imposing part of the entire work—and, lastly, to the magnificent gradual rise of the "Andante con moto" at the conclusion of this scene. In the third we hear the approach on horseback of our hero, who is as pious as he is enamoured; his autobiography sweeps past us without producing any especial impression, but immediately afterwards the adjurations of the supernatural characters are conveyed in a new and effective manner by basses and contraltos in unison with clarinets, bassoons and brass instruments. Only the effect is repeated too often. We are indemnified for the length by the magnificent conclusion with the chromatically ascending scales:

"Wir steigen auf zu Brama's Eden."

In the fourth scene there are certain poetical superfluities, which affect the music like water poured into good wine. The hero with the sad sordine placed upon his feelings, if he possesses any, does not interest us, and in the whole long web of tone we are refreshed by only a few flower-pieces worked in it. The

[Dec. 27, 1873.]

tone-picture at the beginning, where the high flute and oboe passages, soaring above the deep chords of the rest of the orchestra, characterise the situation in a very dramatic fashion, and the duet, "Willkommen mir," which is, unfortunately, too short. Why did not the authoress and the composer select this as their centre of gravity, and make the remainder all the shorter? The fifth scene, a new interpolation, contains a monologue of the King, who interests us by a certain character of manly resolution, but who might, perhaps, be recommended to the scissors mentioned above, even were it only for the sake of contrast, since, after all the monologues and dialogues, we want a vigorous concerted piece, of which kind of composition a rich and varied abundance is offered. The catastrophe ought here to advance more rapidly to the *dénouement* which, in its turn, should be more strongly marked; the heavenly suitors evaporate, we know not why and how. But, taken altogether, it is a magnificent specimen of music with its nervous legendary rhythms at the commencement, and the second chorus all bathed in light and brilliancy—the colouring is heightened by tremolos of the violins and violas—the impressive accents of Damajanti, the original scene of the nuptials, the sweet suspense of the duet between Damajanti and Nal, and the magnificent final chorus with vocal solos, to which, with a feeling of desire like Faust's, we might exclaim : "Verweile doch, du bist zu schön!"

—o—

BEETHOVEN'S PORTRAITS AND CAST.

Nothing is more curious than to look over the different portraits of a man well-known for his works, and to seek in the various modifications of his face a trace of the modifications experienced by his talent. This is just what we have done in the case of Beethoven, whose portraits are numerous and tolerably different from each other; they may, however, at first sight, be divided into three principal groups, or well-characterised types, plainly corresponding to the master's three manners, which were so clearly defined.

The reader will recollect that, almost at the outset of his career, Beethoven began to suffer from deafness. A letter addressed by him to Dr Wegeler leaves no doubt on this point:—

"My hearing," he says, "has been growing weaker and weaker for three years. At the theatre, I am obliged to lean against the orchestra to hear the actors. I hear only the high notes of instruments and voices—I have often cursed my existence—I am determined to brave my destiny, though there are moments when I am the most wretched of God's creatures."

Now, this letter bears the date of 1800; in 1796, therefore, that is to say, at the age of twenty-seven, Beethoven heard badly, and we may say that his first trios and sonatas, in which we perceive the influence of Mozart and of Haydn, are the only works he heard freely and completely.

From this moment, his originality becomes prominent, but his melancholy grows deep; he is rendered greater by suffering; and from the period when the Septet and Pathetic Sonata sprang into life, accents of sudden sadness betray the first pangs of grief.

In the collection of Beethoven's portraits in the Engraving Room at the National Library, Paris, there are two portraits dating from this period. One, however, is only a copy of the other. That which appears to be the original is signed Reidel, 1801.

It would be difficult for any one to recognize in this engraving the Beethoven with the long light hair, the melancholy and ideally inspired eye, the broad full face, and the scornful mouth, whom lithography has popularized. The Beethoven of 1801 wears the aspect of a young, energetic, and daring Creole; his shoulders are low and narrow; he wears slight whiskers, and his thick black hair, cut short, is proudly raised; his eyebrows, perfectly formed, extend far over the temples; and the chin, sharply turned up and distinguished by a strongly marked furrow, reminds one of that of the First Consul.

The mouth is particularly noticeable; it is the mouth of a man eloquent and fond of life; the curve is strongly defined, and the corners, as they rise, form an intellectual and laughing dimple; the under lip in the middle is shaped like a plump, coloured,

sensual heart, as opposed as it possibly can be to the mysterious and dreamy expression for which some persons might look. Who can say that this mouth is wanting in expression? Who can assert that before it reached its highest idealization, the great master had not to burst asunder many bonds of terrestrial sensuality?

Among the portraits which follow, there is one altogether apart, which may be taken as the type corresponding to the second phase of Beethoven's artistic life. It is a pretty oval engraving, in the dark style, reminding one of the English manner. It was drawn by Louis Létronne, engraved by Blas Hefel, in 1814, and published by Artaria.

We recognize in it, it is true, the daring Creole of the first portrait, but moral tempests have swept across it: The eye is more deeply set, the look, grown less limpid, is fixed, deep, and strange. The skull, which appears more vast, weighs down like too heavy a burden on the arch of the eyebrows, which sink under it; the nose is flattened and the extended nostrils vibrate. The chin projects more roughly; the mouth is contracted; its graceful outlines have faded away; its corners are lowered, and the two dimples are transformed into a deep wrinkle expressing simultaneously sorrow and disdain. The whole suggests an embittered combat; violent irritability; indescribable and savage suffering; and a passionate desire for domination joined to invincible power and resolution. The portrait is the portrait of a heroic pariah whose strength and energy have been doubled by solitude. The expression is truly that of him who said: "Artistes do not weep; they are fire!"

It is a strange portrait, and so individual in its powerful ugliness, that it might be called terrible. Be this as it may, such was Beethoven's physiognomy when he composed the works of his second manner: the Sonata in C sharp minor, 1802; the Heroic Symphony, 1802-4; the Pastoral Symphony, 1808; and the eleventh Quartet, the intermediary, the bridge thrown, from his second to his third manner.

Such was his physiognomy, when, in 1810, Bettina wrote to Goethe: "Beethoven marches at the head of human civilization. May he only live till he has furnished the solution of the sublime enigma of his mind!" Such was his physiognomy, when he himself said in what Mdme de Breuning calls his *raptus*: "I despise the world which does not understand that music is a more sublime revelation than all wisdom and all philosophy. . . . As for me, I am the Bacchus who crushes out the delicious nectar for mankind; it is I to whom they owe the phrensy of the mind, and when it is over, behold! they have fished up a number of things which they bring back with them to the shore. . . . I have no friends, I am alone with myself, but I know that God is nearer me in my heart than he is to others." And elsewhere, we find: "recommend virtue to your children; virtue alone renders happy; besides my talent, I am indebted to virtue for the fact that I did not end my days by suicide" (W. v. Lenz, *Beethoven and his three Styles*, v. I., pp. 109 and 111).

I have said that, at this epoch, Beethoven had something wild and terrible in his look. Just cast a glance on the facsimile of a page written by him in 1816 or 1817. Never did any other human pen rush more impetuously over the paper, or abandon itself to such wild vagaries. Then examine a photograph of the curious drawing published in Germany, by Schlesinger, and doubtless a very good likeness, though very badly executed. Behold in this sketch the genuine Beethoven, whom everyone might see in the street, with his arms behind him, his immense hat thrown back, his lion's mane escaping in all directions, his eyebrows contracted, his mouth scornful, and his fixed stare—and confess that the great musician was then beyond this world.

Beethoven's third manner, which commences about 1818 and continues to the time of his becoming completely deaf, was that of the Mass in D (1818-1822), the Symphony with chorus (1823-1824), and of the last five Quartets. He died, as we are aware, in 1827.

Of this third and last period, there exist several portraits. Among them is the lithograph so well known in France, and which at three paces' distance one would think had been taken from Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. But the best, also a lithograph, which we saw at Mdme Farrene's, represents the master

employed on the Mass, which was his favourite work. Wrapped in his dressing-gown with his head bent down, in, it is true, a somewhat exaggerated manner, the exaggeration being due to the painter, Beethoven holds in his right hand a pencil, and in his left a roll of paper, on which we read : *Missa solemnis in D.*

It was just after he had finished this colossal score, in November 1822, that his inability to conduct the rehearsal of *Fidelio* to the end plunged him into a state of the most profound prostration. "This last blow," says Schindler, "did not resemble the others; he never recovered from it." After a short attempt to obtain relief from medical treatment, he abandoned all hope, left off complaining, and resigned himself to his fate.

The following year, when C. M. von Weber went to see him, "his aspect," according to Benedict, "reminded one of King Lear or of a Bard of Ossian's. His thick grizzly hair, white in places, stood up on his extraordinarily developed scull. His square nose, his graceful and gentle mouth, his large round chin, supporting two powerful jaws, imparted to his face, which was broad and pitted with the small-pox, a perfectly leonine energy, lighted up by two brilliant eyes, shaded by thick eye-brows." But this energy alternated with prostration; to Weber's solicitations, Beethoven, shaking his head, replied : "Too late!"

This is, in fact, what is represented in Beethoven's portraits drawn at this period: they have a new character—resignation, a sort of relative peacefulness, so that the period when the music of the master is so complicated as to become almost incomprehensible for a large number of those who hear it, is that when his face displays increased serenity. Separated definitively from the rest of men, Beethoven listens to his genius singing within him. Notwithstanding his anguish, augmented by the ingratitude of his adopted son, he soars in unknown regions. If he sometimes descends, it is to form, in the midst of his most intimate friends, some wish bearing the stamp of sublime *bonhomie*; it is, for instance, to get some one to write to Wegler: "I still hope to bring into the world some few great works, and then, like an old child, to go and end my earthly career among good people somewhere or other." Death placed the last seal upon this transformation, and the cast of Beethoven affords striking evidence of the fact. Moulded by the sculptor, Damhauser, a few moments after the master had drawn his last breath, only a few copies of it were taken. It was from one of them, which came from Germany, and belonged to M. A. Michael, one of our most distinguished *dilettanti*, that M. Pottier de Salaine had a matrix made, intended to reproduce the perfectly authentic cast. The first essay, or one of the first, was bequeathed, about 1830, to Liszt, who was certainly worthy of such a present. When the first cast was finished, the plaster was still wet, and, as is often the case in these *post-mortem* processes, several hairs torn from the eyebrows clung to it. M. Ferdinand Denis, our learned bibliophilist, one of the most charming talkers in the world, has related to us the deep impression produced upon him, at his friend Liszt's, by the sight of the eyebrows so correctly traced that he fancied he had before him the actual head of the great Master covered with a simple layer of white. With the consent of his friend, M. F. Denis piously took some of the hairs, and, having put them in an envelope, went off at once to a well known and enthusiastic lover of music. The place was crowded that evening, and they happened to be playing one of Beethoven's trios. M. Denis owns that his success was not small when, having opened his little paper, he exhibited its contents. His embarrassment, however, was soon greater than his success had been. He was obliged to distribute to five or six ladies, each more eager than the rest, the few little hairs he had obtained.

I said that in Artaria's portrait the arch of the eyes appeared to give way beneath the weight of the skull; here the burden appears to be still greater, and the entire face is, as it were, depressed and widened. At first sight, you fancy you see the mask of Napoleon I., only somewhat heavier and fatter. On a closer examination, you find a more real analogy with the bust of Michael Angelo. There is, however, something more rough and more austere about the latter; the deep wrinkles and the broken lines remind one of the scars which would be left by the axe in the trunk of an old willow. In the countenance of the great

sculptor, there are traces of material and physical exertion, of the struggle, body to body, with matter; you feel that his arms are robust and that his hands are wrinkled. The tempests of the soul are, so to speak, materialized, and chaos is visible.

In the dying Beethoven there was calmness, on the surface at least, and the predominant character of his face is that of imposing grandeur.

But it is difficult and perhaps uninteresting to continue such comparisons, without placing the portraits themselves under the eyes of the reader. I should, therefore, be fully satisfied if the result of these observations were to induce the curious to corroborate *de visu* the greater or less justice of my impressions.

GUSTAVE DRÖZ
(*Bibliographe Musical*).
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MUSIC AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

In the *Musical World* of March 1st, alluding to a concert for a charitable purpose at the *Etablissement* here, and mentioning *native* talent and "native worth," I wrote to you of a young tenor, M. Devillier, a pupil of Rubini,* and I finished my remarks as follows :—

" Possessed of a sweet tenor voice, of good compass, he sings with accuracy; &c., &c. I am very sanguine about the future of this zealous young artist."

The last twelve words have turned out quite true, as I will relate; but it is a very romantic story, so I must begin at the beginning.

About two years and a half ago, Rubini was at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and one fine day he went for a walk to Capécure, where he heard a fresh young tenor voice, the owner of which was busily engaged at his trade, a *tonnelier* (a cooper)—for in this town, where the fishing for, and subsequent salting of, herrings is such an enormous trade, the cooperers find plenty to do. Rubini was so struck with the young man's voice that he immediately went up to him, and induced him to go to the casino (in his workman's clothes) and try his voice. After some few arrangements had been made, Rubini engaged to take him as a pupil. He went at once to Paris, where a charitable and noble lady aided him, and his charming little wife, with the necessary pecuniary assistance. After great perseverance in the study of French and Italian music, in *all* its details, he made his *début*. Last week he sang at the *Italiens* (Paris) in the *Traviata*, and met with decided success. There was one person in the audience so struck with his method and singing that he went behind the scenes to congratulate the young man, and next day engaged him for four years—the first and second at 20,000 francs, third at 30,000 francs, fourth at 40,000 francs, and if he goes to America, 60,000 francs. The young tenor is the Boulonnais, Devillier, the *tonnelier*! the gentleman who engaged him needs no name to distinguish him. Well, you see that Boulogne can produce an artist, even from the working classes! This is the last night of Ciotti's circus. It has been a great success, so much so that he has obtained leave to return in the summer of next year. S. C.

Dec. 21, 1873.

MAJOLATI.—The Municipal Council of this little town, where Spontini was born, have determined to celebrate next year, the hundredth anniversary of his birth.

ROME.—Signor Gobatti's opera, *I Goti*, will be given during the ensuing season at the Teatro Apollo.—The tenor, Arturo Gentile, who left the Roman Catholic Church for the stage, has returned to his first vocation, and been admitted as a novice in a Dominican monastery. It is said that, during a professional tour in Germany, a short time since, he had to sing in some of Herr R. Wagner's operas. His mind became afterwards slightly deranged, and he resolved to retire from the world.

FLORENCE.—The Cavaliere Mabellini has lately produced at the Teatro Pagliano a festival-piece in honour of Rossini. The stage represented the composer's native town, with the "Swan of Pesaro's" statue in the middle. The piece began with an allegorical cantata, followed by *tableaux plastiques*, embodying the composer's masterpieces. The last scene, representing the Pantheon of Great Italians, terminated with a hymn, the motives being taken from the "Blessing of the Flags" in the *Siege of Corinth*.

* What Rubini?

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1872.

BY JOHN HULLAH, Esq.,

Inspector of Music, on the Examination in Music of the Students of Training Schools in Great Britain.

(Continued from page 847.)

The books of instruction and rudimentary exercises in use in the training colleges are many, but the principles on which they are based are two only,—those known as the "movable" and the "immovable *Do*," in the one of which a given syllable is assigned to every note in a given scale without reference to its absolute pitch, and in the other the same name is always given to the same note whatever be its place in whatever scale. Thus, on the movable *Do* principle, the syllable *Sol*, for instance, applied to G in the "natural" scale or key of C would be applied to C in the key of F, to F in the key of B \sharp , and so on; while on the immovable *Do* principle, the note G, whether the fifth of C, the second of F, the sixth of B \sharp , or any other, would be invariably called *Sol*.

The former of these methods of sol-faing, as it is incomparably the older (dating back to the very infancy of modern musical art) is also incomparably the more attractive, especially to persons less accomplished in music than in other ways. The relations of musical sounds one to another are more easily appreciated, and, for practical purposes, recognised by average students as the occupants of certain places in a given scale than in any other capacity or way. Only to persons of very fine musical organization is it given (often very early in life) to appreciate and recognise sounds *absolutely*—to recognise C as C, whether it be the dominant of F, the supertonic of B \sharp , or any other constituent of any other key. Were every piece of music confined within the "narrow bounds" of the scale in which it begins and ends, there would be as little question about the practice as there is about the theory of the "movable *Do*." For nobody questions the great—the supreme—importance of establishing in a student's mind the relations of one note to another as the occupant of a particular place in the scale. The first half of Wilhelm's method is all but exclusively devoted to this. Every exercise, every passage in it is in one and the same key, the "natural or model key of C; and no "altered" sound makes its appearance, in any capacity, till the necessity for its introduction has been demonstrated in the formation of the scales of F and G, and subsequently of others. But notoriously no piece of music, unless contrived for a given purpose (like the pieces of which I have just spoken) ever remains throughout in the same key. The shortest and simplest melody generally "modulates" into the key of its dominant, relative minor, or other. The moment it does this the movable *Do* becomes, no doubt, a good because a severe test of the science of the proficient, but in the same degree it ceases to be a help to the beginner. It provides admirably for *note* relationship, but not at all for *key* relationship. So far from helping the tyro in vocal music over its chiefest real difficulty—that of dealing with "accidentals"—it breaks down at the very first; for it leaves him to determine whether this accidental indicates modulation (and if so in what key), whether one of the "alterations" needed for the minor key, or a departure from the diatonic to the chromatic *genus*—points which in many cases even a proficient might be unable to determine without reference to other "parts" possibly not under his eye. This difficulty is met in the *Tonic sol-fa* notation by very ingenious contrivance—the "bridge-tone"—which gives the name of a note, not only in relation to what has gone before, but to what is about to follow it—the key just quitted and the key already entered upon. It seems, however, that even this contrivance is not to be carried out to its utmost logical consequences; and I regret to have found that in my translation of the class test (Appendix III.) I had put difficulties for which they were unprepared in the way of the students who I had hoped* would sing it. I can only say that if the phrases over which I have placed the names of their *tonics* are in the keys to which I have referred them—about which there cannot be two opinions—the notes of which they are severally composed should bear the names I have given them.[†]

If the "movable *Do*" is not to be moved, save in protracted modulation, and if in a piece for the most part in C, F \sharp may be, as assuredly I have often heard it, called *fa*, or even *fi*, then I ask why it should not be called so first as last, and students be spared what seems gratuitously difficult, and certainly is glaringly inconsistent.

And here I must record my experience that the use of the "movable *Do*," as it has come under my notice, does involve both difficulty and inconsistency. In adapting the *sol-fa* syllables in this system to musical notes I have remarked, on the part of individual students, repeated hesi-

* I need hardly say that finding this test to be considered by some—not all—of the tonic sol-faists I met as too severe, I withdrew it. My individual tests were drawn from authorised tonic sol-fa publications.

[†] I have placed these names also under the notes in the copy No. 2.

tation as to their names, ending as often in their giving them incorrectly as correctly. Of the bodies of second-year students, taught on the "movable *Do*" principle, who sol-fa'd the piece (Appendix III.), not one noticed or acknowledged the most striking feature of it—that the second subject (beginning with p. 15) is not, like the first, in B \flat , but in F! Some of the teachers did so, of course, but not till after the first trial of it had been made, when the notice was of no use. With charmingly unconscious violation of the principles so painfully instilled into them, they went on calling the third of the new scale *si*, the fourth *do*, and the seventh *fi*, or even *fa*; sounding the notes, however, very often quite correctly, and thereby, of course, condemning more conclusively the system on which they supposed themselves to be working. As for individuals, I found few who could *sol-fa* at all on the "movable *Do*" principle in more than two keys besides that of C. I hardly like to say that anything like fluent sol-faing on this method is impracticable (save, of course, for proficients, who have no use for it); but I say without hesitation that I was not so fortunate, on my recent tour, as to meet with a single example of it. The best readers taught on this principle declined to avail themselves of its help, and either called *all* notes *la*, or sang the words with more or less correctness. I find in my journal notes made at the moment like the following: "Utter confusion about 'movable *Do*'; " "disposition on the part of students to shirk sol-faing altogether;" "notes called by any names but the right," &c. &c.

The general results of the examination in music will be exhibited, in the usual tables of per-centages, in the forthcoming annual report of your Lordships' Department. The number of marks awarded to each student for the paper work is very various, ranging, even in the same college, from *none* to the highest number attainable.

In settling the questions I have been of course bound by the syllabus of last year. I have striven to make them questions, not on methods of teaching music, but on music itself, and to use in them only terms accepted by practitioners of *all* methods. With those for *tonic sol-fa* students I found considerable difficulty. I should have attributed this to my own inexperience but that I find that the questions, even in Mr. Curwen's "Standard Course," to a large extent refer to peculiarities in his method; that they involve the use of terms which, however applicable, are certainly not commonly accepted among musicians, and the treatment of disputed points as ascertained principles. Till I actually began to draw up these examination papers I had supposed that I should be able to pair each established notation question with a tonic sol-fa question in some degree analogous with it, or at least involving something like the same amount of musical knowledge; not, I repeat, of method, but of music. In this I have not succeeded. Practically, however, any ill effects of this will be of limited operation. The great body of students throughout the country* have taken the established notation questions. Their answers, as I have said are very various—in correctness, power of statement, arrangement, and musical caligraphy; so various, indeed, that it would be impossible, save at very great length, to give anything like a complete account of them.

In one thing only I find a very undesirable uniformity—a tendency to verbosity. One instance will illustrate this. A complete and quite satisfactory answer to the second question in the first-year paper may be given by means of a letter and a sign—B \sharp . In many instances this has been expanded into an essay extending over two-thirds of a folio page! This, however, has not always been without its advantage; not, however, to the examinee, but to the examiner, who has sometimes been able to discover that, though an answer was right, the reasoning on which it was based was altogether wrong, and the answer therefore merely a lucky guess.

The papers of the "acting teachers" are in most instances very bad. It has been painful to read in connection with these, the testimonial, often from persons of position and character, as to the musical ability of the writers and their competency to "teach children to sing from notes."

I subjoin to this report some suggestions, the adoption of which would, I believe, tend to facilitate and improve the results of the work both of teachers and students in training colleges; with a memorandum containing a proposition, I believe new, for the modification of sol-fa syllables in their application to musical notes.—I have the honour to be, &c.,

To the Right Honourable
The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education.

(To be continued.)

BOLOGNA.—The great success of the season just terminated has been *I Goli*, by Signor Gobatti. Madame Lucca, of Milan, has purchased the copyright of the work for 40,000 francs and 40 per cent of the profits during the next ten years.

* 90·6 per cent.

BACH'S CHRISTMAS ORATORIO.

Mr. Joseph Barnby, who has been doing so much for the revival of old choral masterpieces too long neglected, who but very lately revived the *Belshazzar* and *Theodora* of Handel, who is striving his utmost to familiarize the public with John Sebastian Bach's *Passion* according to St. Matthew, and not so very long ago essayed the same great composer's *Passion* according to St. John, has had the happy idea of bringing forward, by the help of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* (*Weihnachts Oratorium*), just about the time when its performance would be most appropriate. In the *Messiah*, Handel combines the Nativity and the Manifestation with the Passion, but Bach devotes his thoughts separately to each; his *Passion* is the *Passion* to the bitter end, and nothing else. So, in his *Christmas Oratorio*, Bach limits himself to the miracle of the Birth and its immediate wide-spreading effects. It must be borne in mind, however, that Bach's works of this kind were intended expressly for the Church, whereas Handel's *Messiah* was written for the edification of true believers in whatever place it might have power enough to attract them. Bach's great Church works abound in chorals, in which the congregation themselves may join, and thus audibly assist in the act of worship; whereas the *Messiah* contains no such things as chorals, which are nothing else than harmonized religious tunes, for the greater part more or less familiar to ordinary congregations in the Lutheran churches. True, Mendelssohn introduced chorals in his *St. Paul* and *Elijah*; but these, we need hardly say, being rather sacred dramas than sacred oratorios, are beside the question. Bach, in fact, as a Church composer for the creed which was his own and that of all for whom he wrote, stands apart; and on that account alone it is hopeless to expect that his *Passion* music, or even his *Christmas Oratorio*, can ever become as universally popular as the *Messiah*.

The *Christmas Oratorio* is, after all, only a combination of six cantatas, which, however assimilated to each other in style, and however devoted to progressive stages in the development of the same theme, were never meant by the composer to follow each other in immediate succession, so as to constitute a single uninterrupted performance. Even to give the first two parts together, as was done at the Hanover Square Rooms, in 1861, under Sir Sterndale Bennett, then director of the defunct Bach Society (to which, after all, is due the credit of first setting this Bach movement going), and, afterwards, by the students of the Royal Academy of Music, under the direction of Mr. John Hullah, was in direct opposition to Bach's original plan; but it at least enjoyed one advantage—viz., that curtailments were for the most part unnecessary, and thus the flow and symmetry of the music remained undisturbed. To present the six parts consecutively, as a whole, as Mr. Barnby presented them last Monday week, is a very different matter, and here curtailments were indispensable, and these by no means inconsiderable, whereby much was lost that might seem essential to the general balance. Even with regard to the *Passion*, be it of St. Matthew or St. John—that is, except when used in church as part and parcel of an act of worship, which was the case not long since in Westminster Abbey, with Mr. Barnby as conductor—it would, in our opinion, be expedient to give the first part entire on one day, and the second part entire on another. The original disposition of the *Christmas Oratorio* was that one of the six parts which make up the whole should be heard at each of six different church festivals—Christmas day, the day after Christmas (prefaced, as in Handel, by a pastoral symphony, and a recitative, "And there went shepherds,") and the day after that, New Year's Day (the festival of the Circumcision), the Sunday following New Year's Day, and the festival of the Epiphany. In the face of this we are aware that there would be many obstacles, when the concert-room rather than the church becomes the arena. So all amateurs ought to be thankful to Mr. Barnby for the opportunity he afforded them of hearing so justly famous a composition as nearly as possible, under the circumstances, in its integrity. And what genuine Christmas music is this *Christmas Oratorio*, from one end to the other!—from the jubilant chorus of praise and thanksgiving, "Christians be joyful, and praise your salvation," which opens the first section, to the solemn four-part choral, "Now vengeance hath been taken," which terminates the last, both, by the way, in the key of D major. There are peace and beauty even in the more subdued

strains of anxious and inquiring hope, as, for example, in several of the solo airs in minor keys, which, but that the majority of them are left out from the Albert Hall performance, might be specified by name, and particularly in the exquisite terzetto, "Ah! when shall we see salvation?" These would seem to have been introduced in order to give an occasional touch of semi-gloom, lest all should appear in too bright colours. Bach shares with Handel in pre-eminent degree the power of imparting musical expression to faith as well as to doubt, to joy as well as to despondency. But the *Christmas Oratorio*, in every one of its divisions, is above all an outburst of hope and joyful belief in what is to come. Such, in fact, is its leading motive, and that is conveyed in the highest perfection. To single out and describe each piece in detail would be a superfluous task. A work which, dating back nearly a century and a half, and having long unaccountably been allowed to lay dormant, now comes forth again as if in the prime and vigour of its youth, may well be allowed to stand upon its own merits. All that need be added to the foregoing is a few words about Monday night's performance, the chances being that not long hence further reference to the subject may be called for.

The choruses were generally well sung, "Glory to God," near the end of the second part, and "Hear, King of Angels," which opens the third, being the most striking; but the plain chorals seemed most to interest the audience, and in these, doubtless, not a few among them would willingly have taken part. The singing of "This proud heart within us swelling," at the end of Part IV., was almost faultless, and indeed, with rare exceptions, the chorals were admirably rendered, and, happily, were not dealt with so unsparingly as the airs, some of the most beautiful of which, inevitably, it may be presumed, had to be omitted. The solo singers were Mdlle. Alvslben, Mdme. Patey, Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Signor Agnesi, all artists of the first-class, and all zealously doing their very best. Mdme. Patey distinguished herself in the air, "Sleep, my beloved," and in the declamatory recitative, "Yes, yes! my heart will keep and ponder." Nothing could be more impressive than Mr. Cummings' delivery of the recitative, "Depart! enough, my treasure I retain," and nothing better than the trio, "Ah! when shall we see salvation?" (Part V.), in which Mr. Cummings was associated with Mdlle. Alvslben and Mdme. Patey. Another concerted piece meriting notice was the duet, "Lord, Thy mercy, Thy compassion," sung by Mdlle. Alvslben and Signor Agnesi (Part III.), and another, the bass air, "Lord Almighty, King all glorious," by Signor Agnesi. Altogether, in the solo vocal department there was little open to criticism. The orchestra, with Messrs. Pollitzer and Deichmann as leading violins, was excellent throughout; Dr. Stainer's performance of the organ accompaniment was irreproachable; and Mr. Barnby conducted the entire performance with his accustomed intelligence and skill. Although the hall was not overcrowded, there was a very good attendance—in spite of the unpropitious weather.

NORDHAUSEN (Thuringia).—This charmingly situated town, well known in Germany for the excellency of some of its "mercantile" productions, also deserves honourable mention for its encouragement and appreciation of the fine arts, amongst which *la divina musica* appears to take the foremost place, thanks to the exertions of President Seiffart, who takes the leading part here in everything musical, and enters into it with a spirit and energy that are quite wonderful for one who has passed the rare allotment of three score and ten. The worthy veteran played, the other day, Beethoven's concerto in G, with the full orchestral accompaniments, and with such vigour and faultless execution as might have been envied by many a younger performer. It is also of much valuable influence in musical matters that Herr Hermann Schlibitz, formerly an esteemed professor and pianist in London, has resided here, his native town, for several years. There is so much interest felt here for good music that it is no uncommon thing for some of the inhabitants to go expressively to Berlin whenever anything of particular musical interest occurs there. It was on the occasion when Pauline Lucca sang there in Nicolai's opera, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, at the conclusion of which the Nordhausen firm of Oswald & Co. presented her with a valuable specimen of their productions; and the writer of these lines has seen the letter in which Pauline Lucca most charmingly acknowledged the compliment, signing herself good humouredly as "The merry Mrs. Ford," the character she represented in the opera in question.—C. O.

[Dec. 27, 1873.]

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

SIXTEENTH SEASON, 1873-4.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

TWELFTH CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 12, 1874.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

QUARTET, in A major, Op. 41, No. 3, for two violins, viola, and violoncello—MM. STRAUS, L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. Schumann.
SONG, "Sul tramonto"—Mr. SANTLEY .. Filippi.

VARIATIONS, in E flat, Op. 35, for pianoforte alone—DR. HANS VON BULOW .. Beethoven.

PART II.

SONATA, in D major, Op. 102, for pianoforte and violoncello—DR. HANS VON BULOW and Signor PIATTI .. Beethoven.

SONGS, { "The Shepherd's Lay" } Mr. SANTLEY .. Mendelssohn.

TRIO, in C minor, Op. 66, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—DR. HANS VON BULOW, STRAUS, and PIATTI .. Mendelssohn.

Conductor .. MR. ZERBINI.

SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JANUARY 17, 1874.

To Commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in G minor, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, and PIATTI .. Mozart.

SONG, "Sunshine in the Rain"—Mdile. NITA GAETANO .. Tours.

SONATA, in A minor, Op. 42, for pianoforte alone—MR. CHARLES HALLE .. Schubert.

SONGS, { "A florret thou resemblest" } { "A Spring night" } Mdile. NITA GAETANO Schumann.

TRIO, in B flat, Op. 97, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—

Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, Mr. CHARLES HALLE, and Signor PIATTI .. Beethoven.

Conductor .. SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1873.

"THE YEAR IS GOING, LET IT GO."

THE line we have put at the head of this article is part of a very noble poem, but we are not quite sure that its philosophy is good. It smacks a great deal too much of sucking your orange and then throwing the rind into a ditch. "The year is going, let it go"—that is, kick out of your sight what is no longer of any use to you, and keep a sharp eye upon things likely to be serviceable. Not so ought we to regard the dying year. It may not have been quite the "happy" year which our friends wished twelve months ago; but, for the most part, it is what we ourselves have made it, whether heavy with bitter memories, or light with realized hopes. In any case, we ought not to say, contemptuously, "let it go." If there be "sermons in stones," and "books in running brooks," there must be both in a whole year's doings; and that is good teaching which bids us, when "the year is going," to look back over its length and breadth, and gather up the teachings of its experience. We

may do this and, at the same time, rejoice to hear the bells "ring out the old, ring in the new." Longfellow says "Go forth to meet the future, without fear and with a manly heart;" but, at the same time, he protests against looking mournfully at the past. We ought not, perhaps, to expect philosophy from poets, and will not, therefore, be hard upon him when we say that one of the chief reasons why some men do meet the future without fear is that they *have* looked back upon the past, joyfully if possible, mournfully if need be. There is nothing so absurd as that blind trust in a good time coming which keeps a man helplessly waiting upon fortune, like the waggoner in the fable. We ought, rather, to use the accumulated experiences of the past as weapons wherewith to shape our future; for, amid all the talk about Providence, it is pretty sure that men's lives are mostly what they themselves make them.

In this place, we have to deal only with the past year from a musical point of view, but even looked at so it has its lessons, some of them striking, all more or less important. Foremost among those lessons is one teaching the fact that Italian Opera has begun to lose its vitality in this country. We can draw no other inference from the utter stagnation of art-enterprise with regard to it; from the hand-to-mouth system upon which it obviously lives, and from the patent truth that it becomes more and more a matter of personal attraction rather than of artistic worth. It gains no hold upon the masses, and the "upper ten" have long been indifferent to all but *prime donne*, and the prestige of an aristocratic amusement. What will take its place?—or, at all events, in what modified form will foreign opera be presented when the change comes? These questions we do not pretend to answer; but it may be hoped that our own national lyric stage will be built up again from a state of ruin. Music is become a real motive-power in England, and, with additional means of developing talent, we may yet see a good time for English Opera. Already the signs of that time are apparent in the great success of English Opera at the Crystal Palace, and in the prosperity of Mr. Carl Rosa's provincial enterprise. Another interesting feature of the musical year is seen in the activity with which new works, and unknown works not new, have been produced. With regard to the former much might be said, because the year 1873 will take rank among the most prolific of recent times. It has witnessed the successful production of four oratorios by native composers, and two cantatas in English by men who, though foreign by birth, are English by adoption. These are great doings, and we are very much disposed to question whether any other country has an equivalent to set against *The Light of the World*, *Hagar*, *John the Baptist*, *Jacob*, *Fridolin*, and the *Lord of Burleigh*. Clearly, then, we have a right to be proud of England's musical productiveness during the past twelve months,—especially as that productiveness is not limited by the six works we have named. Sir Julius Benedict's admirable Symphony in G minor stands at the head of another class of effusions, which show a condition of equal activity. With regard to the musical revivalism of 1873 we wish to point out, chiefly, that the "advance" of taste in this country—if a growing fondness for modern work may be styled an advance—has been accompanied by a corresponding desire to unbury the classic treasures of the past and bring them to light again. We witness such a desire on all hands—in the frequent republication of old compositions;—in the manifest growth of a taste for the pure music of Haydn and his school, and in the success which has attended the introduction of Bach's great vocal

and orchestral works. Nature, it has often been said, is a system of compensation, and it would really seem as though, while some are rushing into "higher developments" of music, others are rushing back to the "ancient lines," and thus preserving an equilibrium.

On the whole, the departing year is one at which we have no occasion to rail. Amid a good deal of mere quackery and pretence, it has witnessed the abundant labours of earnest men, and scored many a point gained in the direction of true progress. We cannot help its going, but we may look upon it with gratitude for favours conferred, and with a hope that its successor may do as much good.

LONDON ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The professional students of the London Academy of Music gave their usual concert at St. George's Hall previous to the Christmas vacation. The room was well filled by the patrons and friends of the Academy. The vocalists were the Misses Tomsett, C. L. Green, Harker, McGlire, Emrick, Leonora Brahm, Myers, Schackleton, Putney, Stevens, Falcke, Messrs. Sylvester and Dunsted, who sang, with much credit to themselves and pleasure to the audience, selections from the works of Handel, Rossini, Meyerbeer, Henry Leslie, Donizetti, Gluck, F. Schira, Henry Smart, and Stradella. The pianists were the Misses Hamilton, Adam, Codd, Moulding, F. Martin, Deacon, and Twist, who played compositions by Dussek, Steibelt, Hummel, Thalberg, F. Hiller, Mendelssohn, and Weber, with excellent effect. Master Jeford played Beethoven's romance in F for the violin, and Mrs. Herrtage, with Herr Ludwig (Professor), a duo by the same composer, for violin and pianoforte; Master Gough selecting a romance by Mr. T. Brown, "Le Rêve d'amour," for violoncello. The concert was a success, and proved the efficiency of the students under Dr. Wylde's direction. Mr. A. Barth was the accompanist of the vocal music.

ARABELLA GODDARD.—It was a long time ago, I will not say how many years, that a friend in London said to me, "I will now take you to the house of another friend, where you will hear a great piano player, a young girl who has scarcely ever played in public." We went, and that girl played to us—we both agreed afterwards that this child would become one of the greatest piano players in the world; this came true. Her name was Arabella Goddard. If anybody had told me, when first I heard her at her father's house in Welbeck Street, that we should meet in Ceylon, some future day, I would have been much astonished. However, here she is.—G. A. C., in the *Ceylon Observer*. [Query—Gottlieb A. Cruwell?—*Salut!* ED.]

SIGNOR MONARI ROCCA begs us to contradict the report that Italian Opera, under his direction, is not to be given this winter season. He assures us that such report is "inexact."

Dr. von Bülow left London for the continent on Saturday night. He returns to London, however, for Mr. Arthur Chappell's first Monday Popular Concert, January 12th.

Mr. BURNAND gave his first reading of "Happy Thoughts" on Monday evening, at the new rooms in Argyll Street, Regent Street, with the greatest possible success. The room was crowded by an intelligent, appreciative, and thoroughly cordial audience, and the shouts of laughter which followed incident after incident in the numerous adventures of the "Yacht" testified to the power which Mr. Burnand, though so young as a lecturer, is already able to exercise over his hearers. More next week.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The competition for the Westmorland Scholarship and the Potter Exhibition took place on Monday, the 22nd inst., at the Institution in Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, the examiners being the Principal (Sir Sterndale Bennett), Mr. F. R. Cox, Mr. H. C. Lunn, Mr. G. A. Macfarren, Mr. Walter Macfarren, and Dr. Steggall. The results were as follows:—Westmorland Scholarship, Miss Emma L. Beasley, re-elected. Five Pounds each (from the Academy Funds) towards the cost of a year's instruction in the Institution, awarded to Miss M. A. Williams, Miss Rhoda E. Barkley, and Miss Henrica Van Soden. Potter Exhibition, Mr. Walter Fitton, elected.

GEORGE GROVE AND THE CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

(From the "Globe" of Dec. 15.)

The concert of Saturday was saddened, to all who were aware of it, by the fact of its being the last in which Mr. George Grove would be concerned in an official capacity. This gentleman, who has acted as secretary to the Crystal Palace Company since its formation, retires from his present position at the end of the present year. It is very difficult, without seeming to disparage those under whom and with whom Mr. Grove has acted, to speak of his services to the Crystal Palace as they merit. Its present high reputation as a school of music, in the largest and best sense of the phrase, is, to an extent which it would be hard to exaggerate, due to him. A review—it would prove a very long one—of the course pursued in respect to the art in the Sydenham Concert-room would furnish proofs of research, enterprise, purity, and (more, because rarer than all) catholicity of taste, unequalled in the records of any similar place of instruction and entertainment. In it we have learnt to understand Schumann, to know Schubert in his entirety, and—not to multiply instances—to appreciate, through the ear, a mass of music hitherto only known through the eye, and that to the most enterprising of students. To the young native composer the orchestra of the Crystal Palace has been opened with a freedom altogether unexampled in England or elsewhere; and many an executant, foreign or English, now of assured position, was first permitted to essay his as yet unascertained powers under the *bâton* of its accomplished conductor. The "analytic" programmes of the Saturday Concerts, all but exclusively from the pen of Mr. Grove, have furnished their audiences with a store of information, often new and always accurate, in musical history and biography, the extent of which, perhaps, even the indefatigable collector hardly realizes. Happily, the elegant analyses of "G." can be, and we trust they will be, reproduced whenever a great current work is performed at the Crystal Palace; but in the cases of new ones, his loving, yet truthful, commentaries will be sadly missed. By those who have profited directly—and what musician or lover of music has not?—by the unfailing kindness and courtesy of Mr. Grove, his retirement will be long and deeply felt. He will be followed in his new career by the best wishes, not only of these, but of the still larger number to whom he has been the indirect means of affording recreation, not merely innocent, but ennobling.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

The pantomime, as last year, is from the fertile pen of Mr. E. L. Blanchard, and is entitled *Puss in Boots, or Dame Trot and her Comical Cat*. Mr. Blanchard's new work is as full of fancy, wit, and humour as any of his previous settings of our childhood's favourites. The management has, with wise discretion, recognized the fact that the auditorium demands spectacular effects, and the pantomime is presented in a brilliant setting. Mr. F. Fenton's Norman landscape, his witches' glen, his giant's castle, are only surpassed by its great ballet scene, "The opening of the Valentine," which in beauty and richness is one of the sensations of the season. The services of Mr. C. Brew were exclusively secured for the transformation scene, and his "Child's vision of Fairyland" is a worthy pendant to his "Dream of Endymion." Mr. George Conquest and his son are specially engaged, and have parts suited to talents which will astonish even those who witnessed their feats in *Snae Fell*. The decorations of the Crystal Palace have been carried out with the usual profusion and taste, banners, flags, wreaths, shrubs, &c., being utilized in a way which is possible nowhere else. The fancy fair, as usual, occupies the whole of the two naves, and the great Christmas tree, with its gay fruit, is in its usual place at the north end. On the ordinary attractions of the Crystal Palace, it is needless to dilate.

One interesting fact, however, is worth recording. The Guinea Season Ticket during the year 1873 admitted the holder to the Grand Reception of the Shah, 3 Great Flower and Fruit Shows, Cat Show, Poultry Show, 26 Winter Concerts, 7 Summer Concerts, 48 Operas in English, 41 Dramatic Performances, the National Music Meetings (five days), 20 Firework Displays, all the Holiday and other Fêtes, the Moore and Burgess Minstrels, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's, Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's, and other Entertainments, &c., too numerous to mention.

DECORATIONS FOR AGE AND MERIT.

(From "Another World.")

"... The gate of future success, honours, and riches
is always open to you."

The ornaments, of which I have before spoken, are independent of decorations worn by women as distinctive marks of age; for the age of a woman entitles her to peculiar privilege above others younger than herself, and her decorations are so worn that these privileges may be at once recognized. At the end of every five of our years she is entitled to a decoration indicating her age, and the mode in which the last five years have been passed. Strange as it may appear to you—with whom old age is associated with feebleness, loss of beauty, and decayed powers—it is by our ladies looked upon as a privilege, of which all are very jealous. If such a thing were possible, it would be a gross insult to say that a lady was younger than was indicated by the last decoration she had received; and even the five successive years are marked by five small appendages, one of which is added each year, so that she may not lose even one to which she is entitled.

Amongst other marks of honour shown to age—a woman, when passing her senior in years, is expected to yield the inner side of the path, and to salute respectfully in passing.

No mistake can be made as to the particular nature of the decoration, and consequently of the number of years to which the lady is entitled. The numerous decorations differ entirely from each other. A decoration called the "Matterode," consists of the model of a very beautiful bird, with the peculiarity of always looking upwards, as though its thoughts were borne to the celestial stars. The wings of this bird—from which the Order derives its name,—are fixed in a peculiar way, and gyrate gracefully, so as to suggest the movement of those of an angel.

The plumage of the "Matterode" is as though it were studded with precious stones; so bright are the dots all over the body and wings.

The decoration is of exquisite workmanship, made of our choicest metals, varied in colour, and set with precious stones, to imitate the bird's plumage.

This decoration is presented to a lady who, by her conduct and years, having earned successive decorations, and passed the last five years unexceptionally and uprightly in all things, has also shown herself possessed of high intelligence.

If, during the five years succeeding that in which she won the "Matterode," this lady remains unaltered in greatness and goodness, she is entitled, in addition, to a decoration of considerable value, whereon the "Mountain Supporter"—which gives its name to the Order—is faithfully copied in the purest and most beautiful metals. And as the "Matterode" is an intimation that the beauty of the wearer's actions justifies her in looking upwards to a future home in the celestial stars, so does the "Mountain Supporter" indicate a firmness, power, and strength which nothing in Mountalluyah can surpass.

When either of these decorations is worn, the greatest honour and respect are paid to the wearer. All know that none can possess it without having gained it by sterling merit and goodness of the highest order. The checks used in our system are of such a nature that no favouritism, no accident—nothing but the wearer's years and conduct—can obtain this, or, indeed, any other Order.

If the conduct of the woman during the five years she wears the "Matterode" had been marked by any deviation from goodness, an occurrence scarcely heard of, a qualified decoration would be presented to her, which, though beautiful, and indi-

cating the age and position beyond doubt, would give evidence that a little cloud had, sometime during the past period, affected the vivid colours of the illumined sky! There are various ways of modifying the Order so as to show the estimate of conduct, all differing according to the degree of the offence. But if the wearer's conduct during the five years of the qualified term is unexceptionable, the decoration for the subsequent five years would be the same as though nothing had occurred in the meantime to interrupt the lady's title to the highest decoration.

Again, if any person, even one who had gained the "Matterode," were to commit something—a decidedly wrongful act—the decoration, during the following five years, would perhaps consist of a Foot trampling on a hippopotamus or on a serpent, thus indicating the necessity of bearing down sin, which is symbolised by both of these creatures.

You will at once see how easily the two first decorations I have named are distinguishable from each other, and how the last is distinguishable from both; and so it is with all the others, too numerous to mention here.

However, by their education and the laws and customs I introduced, Woman possesses so high a sentiment of honour, and so much becoming pride, that the instances of degradation from the two first orders has been remarkably rare—scarcely worth referring to, except to show that we never hesitate to put the laws in force against the highest personages, even in those cases where, under another system, our sympathies might have led us, perhaps unconsciously, to screen the offenders. In my laws on this subject, it is declared that, whilst mercy and goodness are on one side, might and justice are no less on the other side of the celestial throne.

What I have said of these orders is applicable in a great degree to all the others.

Hermes.

(To be continued.)

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

BRAINARD'S *Musical World* (Cleveland, O.), informs us that "Dr. Hans von Bülow has been re-engaged by the London Philharmonic Society, in the double capacity of pianist and orchestral conductor." (News travels quickly over—or under—the Atlantic.) The same journal, from Cleveland, O., states that—"Mr. Arthur Chappell, director of the London Monday Popular Concerts, has also made an engagement with Dr. von Bülow for two months, at £2,000, which is the highest price ever paid a solo pianist for eight performances. On the conclusion of these engagements next fall, Hans von Bülow will begin his American tour." (The final sentence explains all. £250 for each concert!—and that to a pianist, is fabulous. Mr. Arthur Chappell must have been in an unusually enterprising mood.)

HERR RUBINSTEIN has been giving concerts at Milan and Florence, where the musical critics have written much wonderful matter concerning him, "rendered" as follows by the *Fanfulla*:

"His hands! Out of these sinews, muscles, and veins speak a thinking spirit; these hands have but one soul; they are two electrical batteries animating the instrument. The greatest wonder is that there are but five fingers on each hand. But what fingers! Lightning streams from them, and when they fly over the keys they flash with blue light. On the platform stand two pianos. Let none be alarmed: he only plays on one at a time. The other is there in case one perishes under his hands. The owner of the instruments goes to all the concerts, and sits there stern, gloomy, unsympathetic, save when a string breaks under Rubinstein's detonating blows. Then a smile glides over his lips. The marble trembled before Michael Angelo—pianos shudder at the approach of Rubinstein."

The climax of this rhapsody is rather *hazardé*, after the manner of some of the Italian papers. Translated, but by no means freely, it runs thus:—"At the last day St. Peter will call Rubinstein, and say, 'Play that piece by Schumann thou didst perform at Florence.' Then the shade of Rubinstein will sit down to a shadowy pianoforte, and at the crash the dead will awake."

Thayer Silver.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

At the *Deutscher Turn-Verein*, Herr Paul Semler gave his Zweites Familien-Concert, when he played a quartet by Weber for pianoforte, violin, tenor, and violoncello, in conjunction with Herren Keyne, Thompson, and Weber, in capital style. In the course of the evening several pianoforte compositions were given, including M. Kettner's "Caprice Hongrois," by Mr. W. Inkermann Matthews; as well as Ascher's popular romance, "Alice," and the late Vincent Wallace's "Cracovienne," both of which received ample justice from the hands of the clever and youthful Miss Ada Lester. Some vocal pieces also were well rendered, especially Schubert's "Wanderer," by Herr Otto Schötzig, and Signor Tito Mattei's "Vo danza," by Miss Kate Frankford.

A COMMITTEE of gentlemen, aided by the Camden Amateur Musical Society, and several other ladies and gentlemen—making altogether a choir of more than forty voices—gave a concert, on the evening of Wednesday, the 17th inst., in the Lecture Hall of the Presbyterian Church, Camden Park Road, on behalf of the building fund. The soloists were Miss Helen Muir, who acquitted herself most creditably in Haydn's "With verdure clad," and whose fresh voice and expressive style produced a most pleasing effect in Mr. Clay's "She wandered down the mountain side;" Mr. G. F. Jefferys, who sang with great effect, and displayed his fine voice to much advantage, in Mr. G. Osborne's song, "The three singers," and Mr. Revloff's ballad, "The Armourer;" Miss Sutton, who sang very feelingly "The Lord is mindful of His own;" Mr. Jules Charlier, who gave Haydn's "In native worth" in thoroughly musicianly way; Miss Rimbault, who, in Roeckel's "Bride Bells," produced a very pleasing impression; Mrs. Hugh (contralto), who, in conjunction with Mr. Rait (tenor), rendered effectively Balfe's duet, "The sailor sighs;" and Miss Harvey, whose animated and expressive singing of "Clochette," by Mr. Molloy, gave very great pleasure. Mr. Rait also sang Pinsuti's "I heard a voice," with much taste and great expression. Not the least important feature of the evening was the pianoforte playing of Herr Henri Stiehl. This gentleman performed three of his own compositions in a masterly style. The two entitled respectively "Sunny Waves" and "Pensée Fugitive" are pianoforte compositions of the highest class. The choir was remarkably efficient, and the different voices were well balanced. This was especially observable in several choruses by Handel, which were well sung. The trio, "Say, where is he born," and chorus, "There shall a star of Jacob," from Mendelssohn's *Christus*, were very effectively given. Not less successful were M. Gounod's new part-songs, "My true love hath my heart," and "Little Celandine." The freshness and beauty of these were fully brought out by the finished and delicate singing of the choir. The chorus was most ably conducted by Mr. Dury; and Mrs. Dury, who is an excellent pianist, fulfilled the difficult post of accompanist of the vocal music most efficiently. Altogether the concert was a great success, both in a musical and in a pecuniary point of view.

COLOGNE.—Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's *Nal* (or *Nala*) und *Damajanti* was the principal piece at the second concert in the Gürzenich, Cologne, and the renowned composer was, as usual, himself the conductor. The execution was in all its parts a magnificent success. The author had written for a genuine princess, though not from India or the Cape of Good Hope, Miss Emma Thompson, outwardly and inwardly—artistically speaking of course—a true Damajanti, graceful, sensible, and full of dreamy yearning; no young lady in a casing of originally German sensitiveness, but a skilful and sympathetic interpreter of the slightest mental emotion. There was a remarkable congeniality between the original and the reproduction of it, and since, also, the technical part of the tone-formation and the singing afforded evidence of good training and decided natural gifts, and the vigorous and brilliant material completely commanded the room, and, even when the greatest demands were made upon it, caused the hearer to feel it had still a plentiful reserve to fall back upon, this lady's performance exerted more influence than aught else upon the success of the evening. Two members of the Theatre here, Herr Schelper and Herr Wolff, had been secured as representatives of Bima and Nal. The first appeared to be temporarily somewhat fatigued by his ordinary professional duties. His organ was not quite pure and clear. Herr Wolff is not yet quite a master of declamation. With these small deductions, however, the sum total of the two gentlemen's exertions was highly satisfactory. A pretty solo in the first scene was rendered by Madle Dickhoff right bravely, but, also, somewhat too like a school-girl. The overture to *Oberon* and Beethoven's second Symphony (both finely executed) formed the introduction to, and termination of, the entertainment.—*Kölner Zeitung*.

PROVINCIAL.

DUBLIN.—Mr. J. P. Clarke, the band-master of the Royal Irish Constabulary, has just finished a series of promenade concerts at the Rotunda. His band is a very fine one, and his principal vocalist, Madame Mina Fitzpatrick, from New York, charmed everybody by singing some Irish melodies.

CHELTENHAM.—Mr. Von Holst's quartet concert, at the Corn Exchange, last Saturday evening, was attended by a numerous and fashionable audience, who listened with marked attention to the choice selection of music included in the programme of this the first of a series of three classical concerts announced to be given by Mr. Von Holst. The first part of the programme opened with a trio of Beethoven's for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, which was played with considerable effect by Mr. Von Holst, Mr. Henry Holmes, and Mr. A. W. Waite, after which Miss Purdy sang a very pretty ballad entitled "Marguerite," and elicited a hearty encore, the same compliment being paid to Mr. Holmes for his violin solo that followed. But the gem of the concert was unquestionably the instrumental quartet at the commencement of the second part, the execution of which elicited rapturous applause, as did also the pianoforte duet by Mr. Ricardo Linter and Mr. Holst at the close of the evening's entertainment.—*Looker-on*, Dec 20.

BIRMINGHAM.—We take the following (abridged) from the *Birmingham Daily Post* :—

"The twenty-first concert of the Edgbaston Amateur Musical Union took place in the Masonic Hall on Thursday evening, December 18, before a numerous and fashionable audience. The programme is subjoined:—

Overture, 'Joseph' (Mehul); Song, 'Save immagine' (Mercadante); Song, 'The Soldier's Dream' (Hardman); Symphony, No. 7, in D (Mozart); Overture, 'Le Maçon' (Auber); Song, 'The Return of Spring' (J. S. Torry); Slow Movement, Second Symphony (Haydn); Song, 'Fading Leaves' (Abt); Wedding March (Mendelssohn).

The performance, notwithstanding the absence of all professional aid save a couple of basses, a horn, and a trombone, was excellent. Mr. Duchemin's band is making rapid strides in all the qualities which should distinguish a good orchestra, and we need not despair of hearing symphonies and concertos in Birmingham whilst the Edgbaston Amateurs continue under their present direction. The Mozart Symphony was played capitally, the concluding *presto* especially so, and the *largo cantabile* from Haydn's Second Symphony could hardly have been given with greater delicacy and precision. The 'Wedding March' fairly roused the audience, by no means prone to give the reins to its enthusiasm; and the charming overture to Auber's opera, *Le Maçon*, played, we believe, for the first time in Birmingham, was equally effective. The vocal performances were scarcely less satisfactory. Miss Upfield gave the love song of Mercadante with much sweetness but scarcely adequate fervour, and was even more effective in Torry's song, to which an orchestral accompaniment had been provided by the honorary conductor. Mr. Hardman's new song, also arranged for orchestra, is a meritorious composition, and full justice was done to it by Mr. Turley, who gained a hearty encore in the second part for Abt's song, another special orchestral arrangement. Altogether, the concert was creditable alike to the honorary conductor and to the performers, who have only to persevere to attain a high degree of proficiency."

MISS BLANCHE REIVES AT NEBRASKA.

(From the *Nebraska City News*, November 15.)

A crowded house of the intelligence, taste, and culture of the city greeted Miss Reives and Professor Rich Wilmar at the Opera-house on Monday evening. Nearly all of our citizens who take any special interest in musical culture were present; and the delight of the audience was indicated by the fact that Miss Reives was recalled five times during the entertainment. The concerters certainly had no lack of popular appreciation, and some of our most competent musical critics pronounced the singing the best ever heard in this city. Miss Reives' voice has a remarkable compass and flexibility, and she has the most perfect control of it, evincing the highest mastery of both the science and the art of music. These people are just arrived from London; and, we learn, they are so well pleased with our beautiful city, and the cordial reception they have met with here, that they will remain with us during the winter, and give instruction in vocal and instrumental music. Nebraska City has always been "the musical city" of Nebraska; and it will "set us up" considerably to be known as the chosen home of a genuine English *prima donna*, who brings the highest testimonials from England, besides proving her quality of the first order before our own people. They will make their business office and headquarters at the Music Store (Dahl & Morrison's).

GIOVANNI CARLO CONCIALINI—A SKETCH.*

BY W. LACKOWITZ.

One wondrously beautiful May morning, in the year 1765, Frederic II., the fame-crowned King of Prussia, strode up and down his study, with a face beaming with delight.

No new victory had been announced, for the glorious time when Frederick II. was fighting everyone had past, and been long since entered with a stylus of bronze in the history of the world. Nor was it the ovation of any foreign potentate which had thrown into so joyous a state of excitement the hero whom so many admired. The reason was a very simple one: Concialini, the castrato Giovanni Carlo Concialini, had arrived in Berlin, and the King was thereby relieved from very great anxiety.

We have not selected Concialini as the subject of our sketch simply for his own sake, but rather because he affords us an opportunity of gaining some insight into operatic matters at that period.

The Seven Years' War had spread misery and want over the country; the Italian opera in Berlin had been almost entirely broken up; the singers, and even the musicians, looking upon themselves as *de facto* dismissed, since no salaries were paid, had fled in every direction, most of them going to England or Russia. Everything had to be completely re-organized. Baron Suerts, the *maitre des spectacles*, had died as far back as 1757, and had naturally not had a successor. In 1759 the *Capellmeister*, Graun, had followed him to the grave. Thus everything combined to damp very plainly, after the peace of Hubertburg, the extraordinary zeal with which, during the earlier years of his reign, the King had patronized the opera. It required, indeed, all the fiery energy of Baron von Pöllnitz appointed *maitre des spectacles* in 1761, to make anything out of the old materials by the addition of fresh ones.

Baron von Pöllnitz was, however, a man who boldly opposed his sovereign. He met the monarch's dissatisfaction at what he had done with the remark that nothing better could be effected without money, but that if his Majesty would only expend as much on the Opera as he had expended before the war, he (Pöllnitz) would show that he was capable of doing something considerable. Half angry and half laughing at the boldness displayed by the new director of his pleasures, the King could not help admitting the truth of the Baron's remarks, and so the Baron was empowered not to spare any expense until the whole establishment was complete. Frederick's old love for music had revived in his breast, as strong as ever. He consented to directions being forthwith forwarded to Cataneo, the Prussian Resident in Venice, ordering him to engage suitable artists. But he obstinately resisted the proposal that some new operas also should be sent with them. He remained true to his principle of having only Italian operas by German composers produced on his stage.

But it is much easier to concoct a plan than to carry it out, and Baron Pöllnitz was decidedly unlucky. With the exception of Concialini, his acquisitions all failed to please; nay, one of the two female singers, a Signora Girella, was discharged immediately after her first appearance. In addition to this, the King had again become very economical; fancied himself over-reached by everyone; and even scanned with painful vigilance every separate account. This state of things lasted to the year 1771, when, with the appointment of Count Zierotin-Liljenau as *Directeur des Spectacles*, and the engagement of Elizabeth Schmeling, afterwards Madame Mara, the Berlin opera made a fresh stride and entered upon a new era.

A Court without an opera—such a notion was utterly out of the question. The greatest attention was lavished on opera; opera was the pet child, the drama the despised Cinderella. While the drama lay under the prejudiced imputation of profligacy, to such an extent that people considered themselves justified in denying its disciples honourable burial, actresses especially being regarded as the impersonification of immorality itself, to sing and act in opera was absolutely a recommendation. Opera was, in the first place, a Court amusement; even princes and princesses might, despite their station, sing, act, and dance in it. Even King Frederick William I., afterwards so strict in this very mat-

ter, was, as Crown Prince, engraved in the costume and character of a Cupid. In Marpurg's *Beiträge* we find it expressly stated among the regulations for the Grand Opera, Paris: "that, as opera was entirely distinct from comedy, and French musical pieces were to be placed upon precisely the same footing as Italian operas, in which persons of noble birth might sing without prejudice to their nobility, in French opera, also, gentlemen and ladies of birth might, if they desired, and despite their titles, privileges, dignities, and appointments, sing in public."

Such honours were paid to distinguished virtuosos in singing that the accounts of them would almost strike us as incredible, were they not authentically corroborated in the most different quarters. And who were the individuals to whom such inordinate respect was shown? In addition to some few celebrated female singers, it was the castrati, those caricatures of men, for whom the various Courts regularly fought, and who, returning home laden with golden booty from their triumphal progress through Europe, revelled in ease and superfluity.

The music itself was a secondary consideration; it did not matter what was sung, but only that it was well sung. The composer was nothing more than the singer's journeyman; all he had to do was to erect the scaffolding, which the singer by the most extraordinary technical dexterity transformed into a triumphal arch for himself. In the old form of air, it was the middle movement alone which was, properly speaking, the property of the composer; it was in the middle portion that he could exhibit his art, while the singer was, more or less, collecting his strength for new runs. In the first part, however, there were only the outlines; these it was the singer's business to adorn every time they were repeated with new turns and specimens of bravura.

The taste of the period was such that the public saw nothing objectionable in having operas performed without male voices, tenors or basses; the technical skill of the singers was a set off for vocalists of this class. It was the sweet melting tones of the castrato's throat, combined with almost incredible virtuosity, which really constituted the opera; and that composer was the best who knew how to turn these two factors to the greatest advantage. That the distinguished virtuosos, in consequence of the eagerness with which people regularly went to loggerheads about them, should be bursting with pride and arrogance, and mostly turn out most insufferable individuals, while they were the most fearful tyrants for their colleagues, for the band, and for the conductor, may easily be imagined. The spoilt favourites of the Court might take any liberty; it was only in exceptional cases that a word of authority and warning was thundered at them from above.

The castrati were obtained without exception from Italy; in Germany as in France this mutilation, an insult to the dignity of man, appears to have been exceedingly rare. Schubert was thus enabled to exclaim with truth in his indignation: Hail to our fatherland, for though, it is true, we remunerate castrati, we do not make any. Italy, the State above all others of the Church, did all she possibly could in this respect in order to be in a position to supply all those who thirsted for opera with properly prepared "subjects." The whole horrible process was first practised *ad honorem Dei*.

(To be continued.)

TURIN.—M. Anton Rubinstein has given a concert here.—The Teatro Regio was to open on the 24th inst. with *Guillaume Tell*.

TRIESTE.—The season, which has been most prosperous, was brought to an end by a performance of Signor Verdi's *Aida*. The theatre will re-open for the Carnival with Signor Campana's *Esmeralda*, a novelty for this town.

VENICE.—The proprietors of the Teatro Fenice have acceded to the demand of the manager, Signor Morini, for a supplementary grant of 4,000 francs, to defray the extra expense incurred by producing Herr R. Wagner's *Rienzi*.—The Teatro Rossini has been closed since the termination of the very successful engagement of Signora and Signor Tiberini.

MILAN.—The rehearsals of *Aida* are being actively pushed on at the Scala. The cast will comprise Signore Singer, Fricci, Signori Bolia, Pandolfini, and Castelmary. Of these, Signor Pandolfini (Amonasro) is the only artist in the cast when the opera was originally produced here. The ballet of *La Tentazione*, by Signor Pratesi, is also in rehearsal. *Aida* will, in all probability, be succeeded by *Faust*. After this will come *Caligola*, by Signor Braga, and *I Lituanii*, by Signor Ponchielli.

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

MUSIC IN CHINA.

There is nothing new under the sun, said Solomon, and every day furnishes proof of the axiom. At one time, it is the mariner's compass and gunpowder that we find among the Chinese; at another, it is vaccination which Livingstone sees practised on the banks of the Zambesi. Even the *Café Chantant*, an institution we considered eminently French, was known elsewhere a long time before it was known among ourselves. For many centuries, establishments of this kind have existed in China and Japan, with an amount of luxury and comfort of which we entertain no idea. We feel almost inclined to renounce the search for novelty, and to say with the poet :

" C'est imiter quelqu'un que de planter des choux."

Music has always been highly popular in China; during the palmy period of Chinese civilization, under the dynasty of the Thangs, the Songs, the Hans, and the Mings, it was held in great honour, and enjoyed nearly as much political importance as poetry and literature, which alone could lead to power, riches, and favour. Skilful literati composed the music for their own verses; even the Emperor frequently distinguished himself in the same art, and, instead of reviewing soldiers cased in steel, examined with the mind of a connoisseur the verses forwarded him by the mandarins in all parts of the empire. It is no use asking travellers to give an account of the part music played in those days. The great wall then raised an insuperable barrier between foreigners and the Central Empire. Even those who were fortunate enough to triumph over all obstacles, such as merchants and missionaries, could not penetrate into the interior of families, and become acquainted with their customs. We must interrogate the books written by the Chinese themselves; their romances and their comedies are full of interesting details connected with the subject.

The Emperor had an orchestra of his own, called the Imperial Orchestra; it played every time he went out or returned, and performed an *obligato* accompaniment at all festivals and ceremonies. Scarcely was wine offered to the Son of Heaven, before all the instruments struck up at once, while the dance of shields and standards was executed by eight groups of dancers, who held in their hands targets and banners, ornamented with splendid feathers, and who sang as they danced. During the repast eight different airs were executed, all celebrated from the remotest antiquity, and became, so to speak, national airs. They are as follows: the Air of General Harmony, by Hoang-Ti; the Air of the Six Flowers, by Ti-ko; the Air of the Five Steams, by Theouen-Hio; the Air of the Grand Splendour, by Gao; the Air of the Happy Succession, by Chun; the Air of the Grand Extension by Yu; the Air of the Grand Protection, by Tehing-Tang; and the Air of the Grand Enterprises, by Won-Wang.

These airs were not only performed by the instrumentalists; they were sung by the singers to the dances of the dancers of the Imperial Palace. Among nations who have not reached a very advanced state of musical culture, symphonic music is very rarely met with, except in military bands, and generally the flourishes of the warlike instruments are accompanied by singing. These airs were repeated nine times in succession; the principal instruments taking part in them were drums, bells, flutes, cithers, and many others which derived their names from various animals. Towards the conclusion of the banquet, when the merry glass circled round the board, the band struck up the symbolical airs of the Wind and of the Clouds, of the Dragon and of the Tiger. The music of the Wind and the Clouds celebrated the various acquirements and the various virtues of the Emperor, that of the Dragon and of the Tiger sounded the praises of the Imperial Majesty, which they typified. These expressions belong to the imaginative language of the East. The acquirements of the Emperor were called *Winds*, because they moved the heart of man, and directed it to what was good, just as the wind turns and bends plants.

It was not only in the palace of the Emperor, and at solemn festivals, that music played an important part; at the theatre, in the streets, and even in private life, it had a thousand occasions for its presence. The Chinese theatre resembles very much the French Opéra-Comique. The comedies represented are a mixture of prose spoken and of prose sung. The vocal

part, however, differs from our duets, trios, and concerted pieces. The large number of verses quoted, both in the comedies and in literary conversations, are, so to speak, so many songs, each of which has its particular air, that must be given no less accurately than the words themselves.

Under such a state of things, musical education was a necessity for the literary classes, as everyone might be called upon every day to make use of it, as, at one period, a Frenchman might at any time be obliged to sing some little song or other. Learned courtiers, desirous of being in high favour, had to know vocal music, the flute, the cither, history, and philosophy. After this, we cannot feel astonished if we find a taste for music general among all classes, and meet it at every step in Chinese life. In all the public walks, in all the public resorts, there were groups of singers and dancers, not poor ragged individuals like our strolling singers, but real artists. In the curious romance of *The Two Literary Maidens*, a strolling singer calls on a poet and asks him to write him something for his obolus, just as the tailor begged Farinelli to sing him a song in discharge of his bill. The following are the verses which the Chinese poet wrote upon the singer's fan; they make us acquainted with the qualities for which *virtuosi* were then esteemed :—

" Now his voice bursts forth impetuously, and now it softly languishes.

" With an insensible gradation from the tone of Kong to that of Chang.

" Now certain pathetic impressions cause your teeth to seem as though they would be frozen.

" Now his mellow accents are a sweet perfume which issues like an exhalation from his mouth.

" Now his thin and delicate voice imitates the light murmurs of the weeping willows.

" Now his melodious throat recalls the modulations of the witwall.

" Then a new song causes you to hear the fresh murmuring of a brook.

" Old chords which once stopped the clouds seem vulgar and without charm."

Lastly, music found its way to the *Café Chantant*, or to be more exact, the *Thé Chantant*, whither the Chinaman retires to repose in the evening from the fatigues of the day, and when he appears under a new aspect. Establishments of this description, called by the natives *Tsing-song-sam-pan*, are known to Europeans by the name of Flower-Boats, because they are situated on board junks of the size and form of floating houses.

(To be continued.)

CHARLES HALLE AT LIVERPOOL.

The Liverpool *Porcupine* gives the subjoined account of Mr. Charles Hallé's second orchestral concert :—

" The second of the present series of Mr. Hallé's concerts, on Tuesday last, was the best he has yet given here. The programme was unusually rich, including Haydn's symphony in D, No. 14 (for the first time in Liverpool), Beethoven's E flat concerto, the overture to Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, and movements from a suite in D, by Bach. This last included an *andante* violin solo, played with much breadth and feeling by Herr Strauss, who declined the encore fine performance commanded. Beethoven's concerto was the event of the evening. Mr. Hallé has played it in Liverpool before, but not, we think, in conjunction with his own band. The performance on Tuesday was about perfect, the piano solo blending with the whole composition, out of which it grows so artistically, with just the prominence intended. The reading of the work was marked by the reverent adherence to the author's text for which Mr. Hallé is celebrated. Mr. Santley was the one vocalist. He is singing just now in the maturity of his vocal gifts and with the perfection of art. Anything more satisfactory than the delivery of the airs of Handel and Rossini could not be desired. Mr. Santley had his reward in the unusually warm appreciation of an audience which, we are very proud to say, filled St. George's Hall in every part. The symphony of Haydn was a welcome novelty. It was played *con amore* by the band, to whom the rich and scholarly instrumentation of the old 'papa' must have been as refreshing as it was to the audience. The band was at its best on this occasion, the strings full and bright, and the wood and brass tuneful and sonorous. Altogether, they were in their best form, and that is the best; and the splendid execution of the various numbers of the programme, before the largest audience Mr. Hallé has yet drawn to St. George's Hall, cannot fail to have effect on the success of the remaining concerts of the series."

ANTWERP.—M. Ullman has been here with his concert company, but his visit was a failure, the theatre being wretchedly attended.

GHENT.—Madame Galli-Marié has been singing in M. Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*, in which she was the original representative of the heroine.

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